

# Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR  
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK  
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

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PART OF THE CAMPUS AND BUILDINGS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA  
AT MINNEAPOLIS.

## FOR THE PROTECTION OF PROPERTY AND LIFE.

There comes to us from a Minneapolis friend, Mr. H. L. Moore, Treasurer of the Minnesota Loan and Trust Company, the above picture of "Pillsbury Hall" and other buildings of the University of Minnesota, which brings to us pleasant recollections of our addresses, many years ago, to the students of that University—the City High School—the Minnesota Episcopal Conference and various other audiences. We were on a tour, forming humane societies, and having just finished our work in Milwaukee, were

urged to go to Minneapolis. The first evening we had, in Rev. Dr. Tuttle's church, an audience of about eight hundred, the second, an audience of about one thousand, and before we left an audience, presided over by Governor Pillsbury, filling the entire opera-house. One of the points which we most dwelt upon was the importance of humane education in that city at that time, in whose vast lumber districts any neglected boy, on any windy night, could set a fire that would burn down half the city.

We wish that every reader of this article would carefully consider the importance of humane educa-

tion and "Bands of Mercy" in all our schools, not only for the prevention of cruelty to animals but also for the protection of property and life.

The first time we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Moore was at the close of our address to a large audience in New Orleans, in the winter of 1884-5, when he arose and said, in substance: "Some ten years ago I was a student in Dartmouth College. On a Monday morning Mr. Angell addressed in the college chapel the faculty and students. I had never thought of the subject before, but when I left college had no thought more deeply impressed on my mind than the importance of humanely educating the coming generations." Mr. Moore was then the Assistant Superintendent of the Minneapolis Public Schools, afterwards their Superintendent, and is now known to a wide circle of friends as the Treasurer of the Minnesota Loan and Trust Company of that city.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## THE PENNSYLVANIA COAL MINES.

At the Lowell mass meeting, held September 26th, in relation to the coal strike, the Rev. N. W. Mathews of that city said that from his twelfth to his twenty-first year he was a mine worker in the anthracite region. He told how the miners rise at 5.30 in the morning, walk half-a-mile or more to the mines, strip and get into heavy clothing, and

walk another half-a-mile to a mill underground to get to work before seven o'clock. He described the rattle of drills and cars, the roar of blasts, the smoke-filled air, the water, the chill and grind of labor until night when, soaked to the skin, they go up to the surface at six o'clock and find the upper world again in darkness. He spoke of the perils and danger of unskilled miners, and that the average pay of the miners does not exceed \$1.40 a day, at which price they do not work more than three-fourths of the time.

[We see by later statements that the average price received is only about one dollar and one cent a day].

#### THE PENNSYLVANIA COAL MINERS.

[This letter appeared in six of our Boston daily papers on October 7th and 8th.]

These Pennsylvania coal miners are poor men with wives and families to support. Their work is very dangerous and their pay very small. They ask an increase and their employers refuse.

I propose that our American people raise immediately, by voluntary subscriptions, a fund sufficient to pay them the extra wages they ask, until Congress meets. If I were a multi-millionaire I would, within twenty-four hours, pay it out of my own pocket. As it is, I will be glad to contribute as my share fifty dollars, and if others of the eighty millions in our cities and towns will do the same all these miners can be immediately put to work, and a grand step be taken to reconcile the growing differences between capital and labor in our country.

Christ fed the multitude before he preached to them. I think this is better than shooting or starving them.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### A GOLDEN RULE.

It is a golden rule to do unto others as we would have others do unto us. Now, if we were obliged to rise every morning at 5.30 and work deep down in a coal mine all day until night, and for this work could only receive to support myself and family about three hundred dollars a year, and should find it impossible to obtain from our employers any higher wages, we are sure we should think that all good men and women ought to aid us.

What our American Humane Education Society is trying to do is to reach and teach millions of American children [rich and poor] kindness, justice and mercy to every living creature, both human and dumb.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### THE COAL MINE OWNERS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The readers of September *Our Dumb Animals* will remember how, when we were in the practice of our profession (the law), more than a third of a century ago, a Boston capitalist wanted us to turn, by the shortest process of the law, an undesirable tenant and his family into the street, and we advised our client to insure his buildings up to their full value before we began. He had undoubtedly the legal right to do it, but we did not think that he had a moral right to endanger the property of surrounding

owners. He saw at once after our conversation, that any desperate man might set a fire, on a windy night, which might burn down half a city, or carry in his pocket a sufficient amount of dynamite to destroy a building that had cost a million dollars, and on the ground of safety to surrounding owners, as well as his own property, he agreed that it was better to waive his legal right and part with his tenant in a kindly manner.

Now in regard to this coal strike, we have no doubt that every man or corporation has a legal right to hire the cheapest labor and that persons so hired have a legal right to work unmolested. But if difficulties occur, while employers may have a legal right to refuse all arbitration, have they a moral right by doing it to risk the property of, and inflict suffering on a multitude of their fellow-citizens? We think not.

Some years ago we were passing a building, being erected in one of our streets, on what seemed to us a poor foundation, and said to the workmen "that if an earthquake should happen to come along we feared it might tumble down half Boston." One of the workmen instantly replied, "I wish it would, sir, then we should have lots of work."

Suppose, by the aid of soldiers, a hundred and fifty thousand miners and their families should be turned into the streets, what would be the result? We think that in all these difficulties between capital and labor there should be a great element of kindness, such as we are trying to instil into the members of all our over fifty thousand "Bands of Mercy," and that it is a wise policy to settle all difficulties between capital and labor by kind arbitration.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### DON'T MR. ANGELL GET A LARGE SALARY FROM HIS HUMANE SOCIETIES?

Answer.—When Mr. Angell left his profession [the law] to enter on his humane work, he had accumulated between thirty and forty thousand dollars in his profession, and for over twenty years gave his services and several thousand dollars to his humane work without any pecuniary compensation whatever. Since that time he has received a small salary from the Massachusetts Society, sufficient, with the income of his property, to pay his bills.

By a fortunate investment he now has a moderate property, nearly all of which, at the death of himself and wife, will go to his humane societies.

#### THREE SCENES.

##### SCENE ONE.

One of the most painful experiences of my life was when, long before the formation of our Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, I stood on the piazza of a country hotel in Windham County, Vermont, near Brattleboro.

A beautiful, gentle, high-spirited mare, which I was in the habit of driving, had been entrusted on this, which was one of the hottest days of the summer, to two young men, to be driven with great care a short distance.

The young men got drunk, and with yells and whippings, had driven the poor creature almost to death, and brought her to the front of the hotel covered with sweat and foam—so weak she could hardly stand—and with such a look of horror in her eyes as I never saw in the eyes of any human being.

It was only by working over her the entire night that her life was saved.

*There was no law to punish the men who did this fearful wrong, and they went unpunished.*

I never forgot this scene, and it was one of those that has led me to devote my life largely to endeavors to protect dumb animals from cruelty.

##### SCENE TWO.

In 1875 I visited Windham County again, and the result, as printed on page 45 of my Autobiography, reads as follows:

"At Brattleboro, Windham County, Vt., I engaged the town hall, agreeing to pay all expenses and for its use, and had notice given in the schools. The night of my lecture happened to be one of the hottest of the season. I went to the hall a quarter of an hour in advance and found it not lighted, only the janitor and half-a-dozen rough boys. 'Why don't you light the hall?' said I. 'Well, I thought I'd wait and see if anybody was coming,' said he. 'Coming!' said I; 'why, here's half-a-dozen boys already.' 'You ain't going to lecture to these boys, are you?' said he. 'Certainly I am,' said I, 'if nobody else comes. One of them may be governor of Vermont one of these days, for aught I know.' So he lit the hall, and gradually some hundreds gathered; and now they have a society in Brattleboro, Vt., for the prevention of cruelty to animals."

##### SCENE THREE.

Two-hundred-dollar Fine and a Year's Imprisonment.

From a two and a half column account in the *Vermont Phoenix* (Brattleboro), of August 4, 1893, I cut the following:

Patrick Lynch drove and beat his horse so severely Wednesday that the animal fell exhausted, and died in great agony.

The facts are so revolting that their recital has caused many an eye to fill with tears, and angry denunciations have been general. Indeed, so great was the indignation Wednesday night that a band of men at one time contemplated a visit to Mr. Lynch's house, but fortunately the advice of cooler heads prevailed.

As soon as the facts became known steps were taken by The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and officers Gordon and Turner arrested Lynch at his home on Green Street during the evening. Lynch was brought before Justice Newton and gave bail in the sum of \$500 for his appearance in court Thursday morning. The hearing was set at 9 o'clock, but before the time a crowd of one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty people gathered in the town hall. The trial hearing began at 9.45 before Justice Newton. The room was filled with spectators, and many were unable to gain admittance.

Witnesses were examined and arguments made by the lawyers, and Justice Newton, after a few moments of silence, said he could not conceive a worse crime of its kind or a worse state of things in the treatment of a dumb animal than had been shown by the testimony given in this case. The legislature has made this law, and handed it down to us to be executed. He had never known anything in this community which called more plainly for the imposition of the full penalty of the law.

He then sentenced Patrick Lynch to imprisonment for one year, and to pay a fine of \$200. "*Fiat Justitia, Ruat Cælum!*"

GEO. T. ANGELL.

#### NEUTRAL FLAG.

As in wars between nations, ships sailing under a neutral flag enter all ports; so in wars between religious sects and political parties; this little vessel of ours—"Our Dumb Animals"—sails monthly not only into the home of every clergyman, lawyer, doctor, school superintendent, postmaster, and thousands of teachers and others in Massachusetts, but also every month into the editorial rooms of about twenty thousand American newspapers and magazines, including every editorial office in America north of Mexico, and into many in other lands, distributing its cargoes of mercy through thousands of channels into millions of homes which, under a different flag, it could never reach.



## OUR CIVIL WAR.

Just across the dusty country road, opposite the station, was a china tree. It stood in the corner of the zigzag fence; its brown limbs were bare save for the great clusters of pale gold berries which they had held aloft against the blue sky. Three robins were feasting on the berries. The tree, as if by some caprice, had tossed down all its yellow leaves; the brown earth welcomed them, and there they lay shining in the sunlight, says "The Blue and Gray."

She stood beneath the tree, gowned in coarse gray, homespun, home-dyed; the large hat shading her face. Soft hair, black as the eyes so full of splendor, a complexion like the petals of a magnolia, a face whose every feature told of birth or blood, she stood in this rough garb caused by the war.

Down the railroad she strained her eager eyes, shading them with one small, white hand, while the other, tight-clasped, held the letter with the precious words: "I shall be with you Monday." On the other side of the low fence, amid the sassafras bushes, Mammy Dilly, black, fat and jolly, rested her arms on the top rail. "Dey be here pres'ney, honey. I mighty anxious to see my boy and Marse Hugh. I know Isham come of Marse Hugh come; dey'll git 'em furlough togedder, dey's so constan'. Dar de train now!"

It came nearer; it stopped. Isham stepped out of the baggage car, wearing an old army cap and a gray jacket with red trimmings.

"Howdy, Isham! Howdy! Whar Marse Hugh?" "My Gord, mammy, is dat you? Is dat Miss Marg'et yander? O, mammy, teck Miss Marg'et back to de house."

"You fool, boy! How I gwine teck Miss Marg'et back to de house when Marse Hugh comin' home?"

Men were lowering something from the baggage car; Isham saw it through a rain of sudden tears, and taking off his cap, said, with bowed head: "Marse Hugh—done—done come home—to stay, mammy—wid a bullet in his bress'."

A gray heap lay under the china tree; a face still and pallid amid the yellow leaves shining in the sunlight.

## THE BLUE AND GRAY.

Upon my bosom softly lies  
A knot of blue and gray.  
You ask the why? Tears fill my eyes  
As low to you I say,

I had two brothers once,  
Warm-hearted, bold and gay;  
They left my side—one wore the blue,  
The other wore the gray.

One rode with Stonewall and his men,  
And joined his fate with Lee;  
The other followed Sherman's march  
Triumphant to the sea.

Both fought for what they deemed the right,  
And died with sword in hand;  
One sleeps beneath Virginia's hills,  
And one in Georgia's sand.

The same sun shines upon their graves;  
My love for both must stay;  
And so upon my bosom lies  
This knot of blue and gray.

## IT PAYS TO BE A DEACON.

The New York World sends us a picture of seven men that recently met at Ashaway, R. I., in honor of the 83d birthday of Deacon Geo. T. Collins, the youngest of the seven. Whether he is a relation of Patrick A. Collins, our Mayor, we cannot say, but we hope Patrick A. will live to be as old as the deacon.

The names and ages of the men are:—"Deacon" Matthew S. Kenyon, ninety-one; Silas C. Wells, eighty-eight; George A. Babcock, eighty-eight; Christopher C. Lewis, eighty-seven; Thomas R. Wells, eighty-six; "Deacon" Gardiner S. Kenyon, eighty-five; and "Deacon" George T. Collins, eighty-three. Three of the seven being deacons.

In Boston Herald of October 5th we see that Nantucket beats the above, having lots of men and women over ninety, in good health.

From Major-General Chamberlain of Maine: "I believe our people will understand the great education of character you are so steadfastly promoting."

## HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

"Then began the real student part of the demonstration. The two classes [freshmen and sophomore] marched out of the yard to Massachusetts avenue, and there began a bombardment of every electric whose motorman had the hardihood to take his car through the howling dervishes. Trolleys were pulled from the wire, bell cords were cut, policemen's badges were pulled off, and there was a general rough house.

"Finally the crowd was dispersed, no arrests having been made. Thirsty crowds besieged the rooms of the freshmen, who had punch notices served on them and there was a general jollification."—Boston Herald, Sept. 30th.

Millions are being given to brighten the intellects of these young men, but not one dollar, so far as we are aware, to educate them humanely.



Bad business, unknown in New Zealand, and with proper humane education in all our American schools would be unknown here.

## YALE STUDENTS RIOT.

Under the above heading we see in the Boston Herald of Oct. 2d that after throwing shot on the stage of the Grand Opera House, &c., some three hundred students attacked the police who were endeavoring to secure order, knocking down the sergeant in command, &c.

It seems quite possible the time may come when it will be necessary to station in some of our university towns regular troops, armed with rifles and bayonets, to protect the police.

To the Presidents of our American Colleges, Universities, and other Educational Institutions, all of whom receive this paper every month.

Would it be possible to enlist the better classes of your students in organizations whose pledge should be, "We will endeavor at all times to promote good citizenship, the enforcement of all proper laws, the protection of the defenceless and the maintenance of the right;" such organizations to be named The Loyal Legions, The Christian Knights of the Twentieth Century, or any other name preferred? Unless something is done before long to check this "strenuous" life in our educational institutions, the wardens of our state prisons will have more desirable positions than the presidents of our colleges.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## A NEW ORDER OF CHIVALRY.

We are glad to know that a new order of chivalry, under the name of "The Boston Legal Aid Society," has been established in our city, the object of which is to render gratuitous legal aid and assistance to all persons who may appear worthy thereof, and who from poverty are unable to procure it.

The knights of the middle ages, in their great cathedrals, swore to protect the defenceless and maintain the right. It seems to us that the gentlemen who have formed this new society have undertaken a similar duty.

Charles P. Greenough is president, George A. Goddard, treasurer, and C. L. De Normandie, 39 Court St., secretary.

Louis S. Dabney, Charles P. Greenough, James R. Dunbar, Charles P. Stoddard, Edward W. Hutchins, Charles T. Gallagher and Frederick Cunningham are its directors, and Edward W. Hutchins, Charles B. Southard and Frederick Cunningham are its law committee.

The annual dues of subscription are ten dollars, and should be sent to Mr. George A. Goddard, Treasurer, 10 Tremont St., Boston.

Applicants for legal assistance should apply to Messrs. Hill and Homans, 53 State Street.

We have recently read of a gentleman who, having been told by his bachelor friend that he was like a donkey because his "better half" was so contrary, thought when he got home it would be a good joke to ask his wife to guess why he was like a donkey. Her reply was, "because you were born so."

## KILLING FOR THE FUN OF KILLING.

We find in *The Minneapolis Journal* of Oct. 11th, that the small boys about Minneapolis slaughter song birds and squirrels by thousands simply for the fun of killing them. The article closes with the wish that the boys of to-day might be taught to refrain from killing for killing's sake. In reply we would say that we have already caused to be established over fifty thousand "Bands of Mercy" to teach our children to be more merciful, and the worst influence we have to contend against is that of many of our prominent American citizens who, by killing, themselves, for the fun of killing, inspire our small boys to follow their example. Our readers will recollect that in our October paper we gave a case in which three small boys in Augusta, Maine, hired a shotgun and shot five crows, killing two of them.

## SENSIBLE ARTICLE ON DOCKING AND OTHER THINGS.

From a sensible article on docking and other things we take the following:—

"Mr. Angell is doing a grand work, but needs help. With all the boasted civilization of our time a vast number of our people are savages.

"Yesterday I passed a very benevolent looking woman. She lives in that sacred realm, the Back Bay. Society calls her cultured, winning, benevolent. No doubt she is. This gracious lady was riding behind a pair of high-stepping horses—beasts, nervy, fretful, and almost beautiful. To my mind there was not enough of them to fill out the complement beautiful—they possessed no tails. The work of God had been criticised by man, and as a result, instead of graceful tails, two little bobs twitched behind.

"The reply has been made that horses in the well-appointed stables of the rich, blanketed, groomed, with darkened stalls, are not troubled with flies, and hence do not need the caudal appendage which a gracious nature bestowed. Times change and tails once docked do not grow again. Horses wax old, accidents occur, disease ruins, and the superb carriage horse of to-day, the pet of a rich man's stable, may to-morrow be sent a second rate animal to the sale stable. Its next appearance may be in the role of a tip-cart horse, or as a drudge in a delivery wagon. A fly is no respecter of bob-tailed horses, and the poor creature must submit to the tortures, unprotected and powerless.

"Nero cut the lids from the eyes of his captured foes, and then bound them facing the sun. Nero was a savage. It was a dastardly act. The poor wretch doomed to this inhuman torture went mad, unable to stand the anguish. Did you ever stop to think that flies will bite a creature so that from pain it gets maddened and runs away? How does the act of society compare with Nero's pleasures? An insane man—a maddened brute. Wherein the difference?

"Show me a good-looking brute and I can find in its driver an intelligent man. An animal always reflects its care. Fret a horse and he will be poor, despite the best of food.

"Some hostlers never ask a horse to 'stand over' in the stall; that's not manly, so they punch or jab him. If the horse moves during harnessing, then the halter rope, a strap or stick, with the saucy of several cuss words, is brought into play.

"A good hostler is a man worthy of universal respect; he is the glittering star of exception in a black cloud of poor ones. Too many of them treat horses as their natural foes. An enemy never conquered. The horse fortunate in a good hostler often runs the gauntlet of a fool driver.

"Every man can drive a horse. So simple, you know. Hold the reins; put on the whip; pull one rein to go one way, the other to go another. That is the whole science of it. Yes, and that is just about all a great many drivers do know.

"This is the kind of a man who saws on the bits and yells loud enough to raise the dead whenever he says 'Whoa.' In fact he is a fool and a curse to horseflesh. Watch the procession of teams along some business thoroughfare, and though you never

owned a horse or cared for one particularly, in less than five minutes you will understand why some horses are so poor. Horses are not machines. There are days when, like humans, they feel ill, tired, out of spirits. The hot, sultry weather bears just as hard on brute creation as it does on man. Do drivers recognize this and show it in their treatment? Many times no. Horses are sick sometimes—food distresses them. A creature has an appetite. Hay and oats and corn day after day is substantial, yet on it there is such a thing as 'off feed.' Why do horses beg and coax for grass and a stray tid-bit if there is no desire for it?

"For years I have had much to do with horses. I realize how intelligent they are and for this reason I speak. I wish some drivers knew as much as the brutes they drive. I wish some brutes could drive their drivers.

To the reasonable, kindly driver the world owes much. The man good to his beast must have a right heart, no matter what his exterior. I understand all too little the plans of the universe, but I feel that for such a man there is a reward somewhere. There are those, and Agassiz was of the number, who contend that horses have a future life. If so, some persons will have spectres intolerable enough to encounter, and for those who cater to the 'Bob-tail Aristocracy' (vide *Our Dumb Animals*.) We quite agree with Mr. Angell's reference to the Universalist minister who, failing to collect his salary, told his congregation that 'if there wasn't a hell there ought to be.' I should feel a trifle put out with the eternal fitness of things if I thought that the wretches who abuse horses and other animals were to escape a time of reckoning.

"The way to stop it is very simple. Make such men unpopular. Show your disapproval in every way you can. Don't patronize teamsters and drivers with horses which show the stamp of cruelty and abuse on every thinly covered bone. The effort will cost very little and do a great deal of good. I will not patronize a man who builds up his profits and satiates a savage temper on the hide of his horse, for if I did I would be violating my own principles by aiding and abetting him. If any one cares to open his eyes, there is no need of straying away to Africa and the South Sea Islands to find savages. Reward for the merciful man—bad luck to the unmerciful. All cheer to the fight so successfully waged by the Society with the formidable name. We can do something to propagate its principles, and help along the cause of preventing the abuse of dumb animals. We can and we should."—CHESTERFIELD.

## THANKED GOD THAT HE HAD HIS HAT BACK FROM THAT CONGREGATION.

We are asked if our attacks on docking will not injure financially our "American Humane Education Society" and "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," and we answer that the men who cause their horses to be mutilated for life, and then after a few weeks' sport in which many of them are injured sell them at auction for a few dollars to make way for another lot of mutilated animals, are not the men who support societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, unless, indeed, it be a society which devotes its entire energies to prosecuting poor men and lets rich men do just what they have a mind to.

Any attempt to raise money from that class of men would result as the clergyman's did, who, in the absence of a contribution box, sent his hat around, and when he saw the contents, thanked God that he had his hat back from that congregation.

## PHOTOGRAPHS OF POLO PLAYERS.

Some years ago we published the photographs of twenty-three polo players mounted on their mutilated horses and sent them all over the commonwealth and somewhat over the country. Shortly after, we received a letter from one of these polo players telling of the terrible things he would have done to us if his photograph had been a better one. We assured the young man that we got the best picture we could, but if he would kindly send us a better one, together with that of his mutilated horse, we should take pleasure in publishing it, and that we sincerely hoped that as he grew older he would grow better and be as earnest for the prevention of cruelty to dumb animals as we tried to be.

## SEVENTEEN YEARS.

We are glad to receive on Oct. 2d an order for a variety of our humane publications from "Band of Mercy" number 5075, which we caused to be organized in Hancock, Michigan, in 1885, seventeen years ago, and which has been accomplishing a grand good work ever since.

## ADVERTISING A TONIC.

We have before us this morning this:

"Your medicine has helped me wonderfully. Three weeks ago I could not spank the baby, and now I am able to thrash my husband. God bless you!"

## SEVERAL OF OUR FRIENDS.

Several of our friends have given to our societies various sums on condition that we pay them the income annually or semi-annually during their lives, thus saving all disputes about their wills and the trouble of making safe investments.

## THE BELLS OF NOTRE DAME.

What though the radiant thoroughfare  
Teems with a noisy throng?  
What though men bandy everywhere  
The ribald jest and song?  
Over the din of oaths and cries  
Broodeth a wondrous calm,  
And 'mid that solemn stillness rise  
The bells of Notre Dame.

"Heed not, dear Lord," they seem to say,  
"Thy weak and erring child,  
And thou, O gentle Mother, pray  
That God be reconciled,  
And on mankind, O Christ, our King,  
Pour out thy precious balm."  
'Tis thus they plead and thus they sing—  
Those bells of Notre Dame.

And so, methinks, God, bending down  
To ken the things of earth,  
Heeds not the mockery of the town,  
Or cries of ribald mirth;  
Forever soundeth in his ears  
A penitential psalm—  
'Tis thy angelic voice he hears,  
O bells of Notre Dame!

Plead on, O bells, that thy sweet voice  
May still forever be  
An intercession to rejoice  
Benign Divinity;  
And that thy tuneful grace may fall  
Like dew, a quick'ning balm  
Upon the arid hearts of all—  
O bells of Notre Dame.

Catholic Standard.

## ONE HUNDRED NATIONAL AMERICAN PHOTOGRAPHS.

We receive on Sept. 30th, from J. E. Purdy & Co., 146 Tremont St., Boston, a collection of one hundred national photographs, and are pleased to find just above us the Hon. George S. Boutwell, at our side Hon. Patrick A. Collins, the present Mayor of Boston, and who is on our Board of Directors, and underneath us General Nelson A. Miles. We could not well be in better company.

We notice that in dark oak frames the photographs are sold by J. E. Purdy & Co. for five dollars, unframed four dollars.

## A CAT FAMILY.

A teacher asked her class to name five different members of the "cat" family. Nobody answered till at last one little girl raised her hand. "Well," said the teacher, encouragingly. "Father Cat, Mother Cat and three little kittens!"

"Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills." (Psalms 50: 10).





PRINCE.

From "Only a Horse," published by McCord & McCord, Emporia, Kan.



JACK CRAWFORD AND JOHN CRAWFORD.

From "Buffalo Horse World."

In cold weather  
blanket your horses  
while stopping.

Massachusetts has the first law in  
the world prohibiting vivisection in  
the schools.

## JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

A great grandson of John Quincy Adams calls occasionally at our office, and, so far as we can judge, is a fine specimen of the Adamases, who number among their ancestors two Presidents of the United States and one Minister to England. In this connection the following interesting story comes to our table:

The mother of John Quincy Adams said in a letter, written when he was twelve years old:

*"I would rather see you laid in a grave than grow up a profane and graceless boy."*

Not long before the death of Mr. Adams a gentleman said to him, "I have found out who made you."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Adams.

The gentleman replied, "I have been reading the published letters of your mother."

"If," this gentleman relates, "I had spoken that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his mother, his eyes could not have flashed more brightly than did the eyes of that venerable man when I pronounced the name of his mother. He stood up in his peculiar manner and said: 'Yes, sir; all that is good in me I owe to my mother.'"

## NEWPORT'S 400 AT LENOX.

On September 26th we had the pleasure of an interview with one of Pittsfield's most prominent citizens, and the question came up in regard to "Newport's 400" [which are "Lenox's 400."] I asked the gentleman what the impression was at Lenox in regard to these people. His reply was, "there are more or less good people among them, but their influence in that community, as a whole, is bad."

## NEW ZEALAND.

A Worcester friend, referring to our article in last issue that they have no strikes or paupers in New Zealand, says we ought to add that women in New Zealand have had suffrage there since 1893; which fact we are most glad to know. It is our opinion that if our country is to be saved from ruin it will be largely through the efforts of noble women promoting humane education in all our schools.

(From John Boyle O'Reilly's Poems.)

## THE FAME OF THE CITY.

A great rich city of power and pride,  
With streets full of traders, and ships on the tide;  
With rich men and workmen and judges and preachers,  
The shops full of skill and the schools full of teachers.

The people were proud of their opulent town:  
The rich men spent millions to bring it renown;  
The strong men built and the tradesmen planned;  
The shipmen sailed to every land;  
The lawyers argued, the schoolmen taught,  
And a poor shy Poet his verses brought,  
And cast them into the splendid store.

The tradesmen stared at his useless craft;  
The rich men sneered and the strong men laughed;  
The preachers said it was worthless quite;  
The schoolmen claimed it was theirs to write;  
But the songs were spared, though they added naught  
To the profit and praise the people sought,  
That was wafted at last from distant climes;  
And the townsmen said: "To remotest times  
We shall send our name and our greatness down!"

The boast came true; but the famous town  
Had a lesson to learn when all was told:  
The nations that honored cared naught for its gold,  
Its skill they exceeded an hundred fold;  
It had only been one of a thousand more,  
Had the songs of the Poet been lost to its store.

Then the rich men and tradesmen and schoolmen  
said

They had never derided, but praised instead;  
And they boast of the Poet their town had bred.

John Boyle O'Reilly was one of our best friends. We well remember a little talk we had with him at the Boston Theatre on the evening when we had the pleasure of addressing there some three thousand Boston drivers. We think it was at the last time we saw him that he took from a shelf over his table a copy of our Autobiographical Sketches, and said, "I always keep that there, and when I get a little leisure like to read it. We were very sorry to lose, personally, as well as from our 'Board of Directors,' John Boyle O'Reilly."

## FOOT-BALL.

In our college days foot-ball was a game in which the whole college [hundreds of students] took part and enjoyed the exercise. No picked giants monopolized the whole thing and no previous training was required. Nobody bet his own money [or was tempted to bet anybody's else], and the game was kicking—not fighting.

We think the old-fashioned game in many [very many] respects better than the new.

## CONSOLATION.

In the bitter waves of woe,  
Beaten and tossed about  
By the sullen winds that blow  
From the desolate shores of doubt,  
Where the anchors that faith has cast  
Are dragging in the gale,  
I am quietly holding fast  
To the things that cannot fail.  
I know that right is right,  
That it is not good to lie;  
That love is better than spite  
And a neighbor than a spy;  
I know that passion needs  
The leash of a sober mind;  
I know that generous deeds  
Some sure reward shall find;  
That the rulers must obey,  
That the givers shall increase;  
That duty lights the way  
For the beautiful feet of peace;  
In the darkest night of the year,  
When the stars have all gone out,  
That courage is better than fear,  
That faith is better than doubt.  
And fierce though the fiends may fight,  
And long though the angels hide,  
I know that truth and right  
Have the universe on their side.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

## EVER SEE A HORSE WEEP?

Many people believe that horses do not weep, but those who have much to do with those faithful creatures know that on occasions they will shed tears, as well as express sorrow in the most heart-breaking manner. In the West, where the hardness of the ponies causes the riders to almost overlook the necessity of providing for their needs, it is quite common when the weather is extremely cold to leave an unblanketed pony tied up for two or three hours where the temperature is nearly zero, while its owner is transacting business or getting drunk. In this case the suffering is evidenced by the cries, which are almost like sobs, and unmistakable tears freeze onto the cheeks like icicles.

When a horse falls in the street and gets injured, the shock generally numbs the senses so much that it does not either cry or groan, but under some conditions an injured horse will solicit sympathy in the most distinct manner. I remember a favorite horse of my own, which trod on a nail long enough to pierce its foot. The poor thing hobbled up to me on three legs, and cried as nearly like a child in trouble as anything I can describe. The sight was a very touching one, as was also the crippled animal's gratitude when the nail was pulled out and the wound dressed.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Does your horse shrink and shiver when you approach? Does your dog drop its tail between its legs and sneak away when it hears your voice? What kind of a man are you, anyhow?

## OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, November, 1902.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to  
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

## BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

## TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

## OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 992 Tremont.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges for its use, but in emergency cases where they are unable to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a police officer or Society agent.

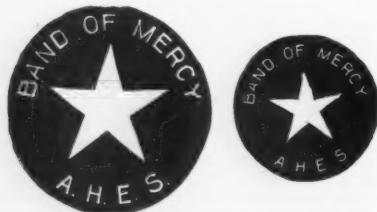
## SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.  
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report two hundred and forty-one new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of fifty-one thousand and eighty-nine.



## NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above represented. They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters, and we sell them at bare cost, five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller orders than five.

## HUMANE EDUCATION AND PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

At the October meeting of directors of the American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held on the 15th ult., President Angell reported that the whole number of animals examined in the investigation of complaints since last month's report has been 1,923. 187 horses have been taken from work, and 235 animals have been mercifully killed.

241 new "Bands of Mercy" have been formed during the month, making a total of 51,089.

\$1,000 has been received from a Philadelphia friend for the American Humane Education Society, and the will of Miss Susan White has been sustained by our Supreme Judicial Court, giving \$12,000 to the Massachusetts Society P. C. A.

## WE HAVE LOST A FRIEND.

By the death of Miss Sarah K. N. Davidson, of Philadelphia, we have lost one of the best friends of our American Humane Education Society, and personally one of our own best friends; a lady whose kind gifts have been many times received and done much to aid our work.

We received on Oct. 2d, from her sister, Mrs. Annie L. Lowry, of Philadelphia, [who is a Vice-President of our American Humane Education Society], a check, sent in accordance with the request of her sister, of \$1000, to aid our humane work, and a kind letter assuring us that it gives her much pleasure to send this sum, because, in her opinion, humane education is, or should be, the great work of to-day to end strikes, wars, murders and suicides, and establish the reign of "Peace on Earth" in a measure never before known.

## OUR IMPRESSION IS.

Our impression is that there is no place on this earth where humane education and missionaries are more needed to-day than in the United States of America.

## "BLACK BEAUTY" IN INDIANAPOLIS.

We are glad to receive from Mr. C. N. Kendall, Superintendent of public schools in Indianapolis, an order for one hundred and fifty copies of "Black Beauty," to be used in the public schools of his city.

## TURKEYS IN TURKEY.

An observation made by the writer of "Pages from a Private Diary" may interest your readers. He says: "When he was in Turkey he saw a man feeding his turkeys and a flock of wild turkeys came down to feed with them. The man drove them into a shed. 'What shall you do with them,' asked my friend, 'kill them?' 'Kill them?' said the man; 'they are my guests. In the morning I shall feed them and let them go.'"

It is well to know that we can learn lessons in humanity even from "The Turk."

Very truly yours,  
FRANK W. GARRISON.

## OUR NASHVILLE ADDRESS.

We are glad to receive, on Oct. 16th, an order for three hundred copies of our "Nashville Address," from Mr. N. N. Nook, of Belair, Maryland, which he proposes to send through the mail to prominent persons to inaugurate our humane work in his section of the state of Maryland.

## OUR HUMANE BUILDING.

We want a humane building large enough for our own purposes and to enable us to let portions of it to other humane societies of our city and state.

## OUR HUMANE BUILDING.

We are glad to receive, on October 5th, a generous subscription for our humane building from Oliver Smith, of Salem, Ohio, and two promissory notes, both dated Oct. 1st, in which he agrees to pay \$50 in six months and \$50 more in one year, towards the erection of the building. If all the Smith family would be as generous and humane as "Oliver" our humane building would go up very rapidly.

## THE DANGER OF ELECTRIC CURRENTS.

In the last number of our paper we told of the recent killing of two horses in one of our streets from an electric shock through the ground on which they were passing, without any wire; also how one building in Boston within our knowledge had become uninhabitable because of its accumulation of electricity, until a deep well was dug in the cellar into which wires from the iron-work of the house were carried.

In the daily evening *Transcript* of Oct. 3d is the following additional evidence of a danger which should be carefully investigated.

"An electric current ran astray on Bay State road last evening, charging letter-boxes and iron posts with the dangerous current. Collections of mails were delayed and men were stationed at the letter boxes to warn citizens not to use the boxes. At eleven o'clock the electric lights were shut off, leaving the street in darkness and the electricians were at work trying to discover the leak."

## DON'T DRINK POISONOUS MILK.

It is well known that formaldehyde is put very largely in milk as a preservative, keeping it sweet and palatable in the hottest weather and not affecting its taste, but it is also known to some that it makes a most unwholesome compound and has perhaps killed numbers of invalids and children. A very simple test, we understand, within the reach of every householder, is sulphuric acid. Put a little of the milk in a clean bottle and drop into it a drop of sulphuric acid. If there be formaldehyde in the milk it will turn pink. If the milk be pure the color will remain unchanged.

## THE BIRD OF THE CITIES.

The sparrow is a business bird. His note is like the click of a ticker and his favorite nesting-place is naturally the board of trade building. It is said that he is pugnacious and drives the song-birds away. There were not many bobolinks on State Street before he came, nor many nightingales rising from the litter of the pavements, nor many robins singing on the telegraph wires for rain. His garb is a plain business brown, serviceable, and warranted not to show dirt.

You can't write much of a poem about him, but still he is a bird, and the only one we have. He finishes off the metropolitanism of the city as no other bird could do—or would. He is entirely congruous. He gives you the impression that he can take care of himself—that he couldn't be bunked. The difference between him and the birds of the field is exactly that between the men and women who crowd the streets and those who live in the country places close to nature. Let him live!—*Chicago Herald*.





Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over fifty thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

## PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word *harmless* from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send *without cost*, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also *without cost*, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.

2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.

3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.

4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.

5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.

6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday-school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old and young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

## Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

- 1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.
- 3.—Readings. "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6.—Enrollment of new members.
- 7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.



## THE BIG DOG UNDER THE WAGON.

(From the New Orleans Picayune.)

"Come, wife," said good old Farmer Gray,  
"Put on your things, 'tis market day—  
And we'll be off to the nearest town,  
There and back ere the sun goes down.  
Spot? No, we'll leave old Spot behind."  
But Spot he barked, and Spot he whined,  
And soon made up his doggy mind  
To follow under the wagon.

Away they went at a good round pace,  
And joy came into the farmer's face;  
"Poor Spot," said he, "did want to come,  
But I'm awful glad he's left at home;  
He'll guard the barn, and guard the cot,  
And keep the cattle out of the lot."  
"I'm not so sure of that," thought Spot,  
The big dog under the wagon.

The farmer all his produce sold,  
And got his pay in yellow gold,  
Then started homeward after dark,  
Home through the lonely forest. Hark!  
A robber springs from behind a tree—  
"Your money or else your life," says he;  
The moon was up, but he didn't see  
The big dog under the wagon.

Spot ne'er barked and Spot ne'er whined,  
But quickly caught the thief behind;  
He dragged him down in the mire and dirt,  
And tore his coat and tore his shirt,  
Then held him fast on the miry ground;  
The robber uttered not a sound  
While his hands and feet the farmer bound,  
And tumbled him into the wagon.

So Spot, he saved the farmer's life,  
The farmer's money, the farmer's wife;  
And now the hero, grand and gay,  
A silver collar he wears to-day;  
Among his friends, among his foes,  
And everywhere his master goes,  
He follows on his horny toes,  
The big dog under the wagon.

## A DOG SAVES THE LIFE OF A CHILD.

We see in *The San Francisco Examiner* of October 6th, that a great Dane dog, near Marysville, saved the life of a three-year-old child, little Florence Rogers, by jumping through the window of their burning house, holding the child by her garments knotted in his teeth. The article says, "that the child's face and hands were painfully burned, and Bruno's coat was sadly disfigured, but his tail still sweeps courageously, and there is nothing in that part of the country too good for him."

## WISE DOG SAVES LIVES.

AROUSES MASTER, WHO RESCUES FIFTY COWS AND TEN HORSES.

Prince, a collie dog belonging to Robert Levine, of Hinesdale Street and New Lots Road, Brooklyn, ate yesterday a porterhouse steak, the reward for his sagacity in giving the alarm when fire started in his master's big stable.

Fifty cows and ten horses were in the stable, and it has been Prince's duty to guard them. When he smelled smoke he ran to Levine's house, three hundred feet away, and awakened him by barking. Levine turned in an alarm and rescued the horses and cows. The building was destroyed.—*Bronx B. O. M. Herald*.

## "NEITHER PARTY."

In the *Boston Globe* we find an amusing account of two stray cows at *Newport News, Virginia*, one belonging to a white and one to a colored man. The cows were almost exactly alike. A farmer had bought one of them, which both white and colored man claimed. The case was carried into court, and the evidence was so conflicting that neither judge nor jury could determine to which it belonged, so finally the judge (Judge Hicks) ordered the cow turned into the court-house yard, trusting it would go to its right owner. But the grass in the court-house yard was so thick and good that the cow was in the same condition as the man who told the evangelist he did not want to go to either the good place or bad, but wanted to stay right here. She wouldn't show the slightest preference for anything but grass in the court-house yard.

We were reminded of a somewhat similar case which came up years ago in our Boston Justice's Court, where two men claimed to own a dog. The judge, in despair of ever getting at the facts, ordered the dog to be placed on the clerk's desk and held by the clerk, and then the plaintiff to come to one side and the defendant to the other, and each, at the judge's order, to call the dog, then the clerk was to let the dog go to his master.

The result was that the moment the clerk let go the dog he made a leap of about six feet and went out of the court-house as fast as he could travel.

Don't kill your dog trying to make him run with your bicycle.

## ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

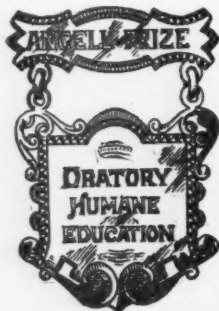
## ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."

We sell them at one dollar each, which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on red velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.



The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday-schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday-school or church or library or any other object preferred.

## "BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

## PRIZES \$675.

In behalf of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Our creed and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as appears on its battle-flags—its badges—and its official seal, is "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth.

## OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

*Black Beauty*, in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

*Hollyhurst, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire*, also Mr. Angell's *Autobiography*, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400," in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

*For Pity's Sake*, in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 60 cents at office, or 70 cents mailed.

*Beautiful Joe* at publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

## "NEW YORK'S 400."

"It should receive as wide a circulation as 'Black Beauty.'"—*Boston Courier*.

"Charmingly told story. Its merits are many and its readers cannot be too numerous."—*Boston Ideas*.

"Extremely interesting. Will be laid down only with regret."—*Gloucester Breeze*.

## "FOR PITY'S SAKE."

On the first day of issuing this book we had over a hundred orders for it, some of them for fifty and twenty-five copies.

## "PITY'S SAKE" FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION.

We acknowledge from various friends donations to aid us in the gratuitous distribution of this most valuable book, which everyone reads with pleasure, and having read wants everybody else to read.

To those who wish to buy it the price for our edition is 10 cents, and Mrs. Carter's cloth-bound edition we are permitted to sell at 60 cents, or post-paid 70 cents.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

In hiring a herdie, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdie we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by Our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

## SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &amp;c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above named, and a variety of humane publications, address, "Humane Education Committee, 61 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I."

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, the most important work you do?

Answer. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably over sixty millions of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdie or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

## FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1.) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.
- (2.) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight check-reins.

## WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

- (1.) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.
- (2.) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition. If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

## WORTH REMEMBERING.

- (1.) Avoid so far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.
- (2.) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanized iron pipes.
- (3.) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.
- (4.) When gripple or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.



## TWO LIVES SAVED BY A CAT.

We find in *The Worcester Spy* of October 13th, that the five-year-old cat of F. O. Bushnell, foreman in the Worcester Street Department, saved him and his wife from certain death by suffocation in the dense smoke resulting from a fire at the Bushnell home, 16 Bellevue Street, on October 12th. The cat waked them when very near suffocation.

## TWINS.

The Cobb brothers—one, painter, the other, sculptor—as Boston people know, are twins and so nearly alike that it would puzzle a "Philadelphia lawyer" to tell which is which.

Going to our office a few mornings since, we met Cobb, the painter, who at the request of some of our friends has been making an oil painting of ourself, and agreed to call at his studio. An hour later we met him as we supposed again, but this time it was his brother.

We are reminded of a little story we recently read. The nurse had given a bath, as she supposed, to each of two little twin girls, Edith and Florence, and put them to bed. Some time after she heard them laughing, and going into the room asked the cause.

"We were laughing," said Florence, "because you gave Edith two baths and didn't give me any."

## A HINT TO HOTEL LANDLORDS.

Some years ago we took the cars for New Hampshire early in the season to look up a place where, with our good wife, we could pass a summer vacation, and stopping at Wolfeboro, went to the largest hotel and described to the young man who held the position of clerk the kind of room, looking out on the lake, we wanted. The young man evidently determined that, as we were traveling alone, we could have no such room.

Result (1): After sending us to two rooms we had not described, he remarked that we seemed to be very particular, to which we assented.

Result (2): We went to another hotel, secured just such rooms as we wanted, sent for our wife, and spent a considerable part of our vacation and money there.

Result (3): On our return from the mountains, crossing the lake with a party of some twelve or more friends, all of whom were going to the first-named hotel, they on finding we were going to the other one decided to go with us, and some of them remained several days.

Result (4): Hotel number one lost, and hotel number two probably gained, about two hundred dollars.

What brings this to mind, a few days since while suffering with the asthma, we ran up again to New Hampshire and coming to a hotel, prepared to dine. The clerk here was a different kind of man. All our inquiries were answered with the utmost politeness. "Could we have a sunny room?" "Certainly." "Could we have a wood fire all night?" "Certainly." "Could we have a cot bed, extra pillows, blankets, etc.?" "Certainly." So finding an excellent table and attendance, we passed the night in great comfort and for the benefit of all hotel proprietors give this notice.

## IN THE "REVIEW OF REVIEWS."

In the New York *Review of Reviews* we find a fine cut of David A. Wells. It reminds us of a trip we took with him many years ago from Chicago to Indianapolis. Mr. Wells wanted to talk, but a small boy in a neighboring seat, blowing a five-cent harmonicon, made discord and greatly annoyed Mr. Wells. We thought we saw a way out of the trouble, and so leaning over, asked the small boy to let us look at his wonderful instrument. Finding it cost him only five cents we, greatly to his delight, bought it for ten cents and soon after quietly dropped it out of the car window.

It was a good investment, and the suggestion may be a useful one to some of our readers.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

W.—"How do you tell the age of a hen?" V.—"By the teeth." W.—"A hen hasn't any teeth." V.—"No, but I have."



LADY URSULA.

[Owned by Miss K. B. Rathbone, Pittsfield, Mass. From "Cat Journal," Palmyra, N. Y.]

## THE STEAMER'S CAT.

Grouped on the Fall River line pier at the foot of Warren Street this afternoon stood a party of twenty-three men, waiting for the Puritan to take them on to Boston. The central figure in the group—a short, thick-set man, with bronzed face and grizzly mustache, stood erect, with arms folded over his broad chest. Upon the solid foundation thus made a white kitten nestled. The man and the kitten were the Boston contingent of the crew of the steamship City of Savannah, which was wrecked on Hunting Island, off the South Carolina coast, in last week's cyclone.

The seamen "swear by all that's holy" that the kitten is as good a seaman as any of them. He was only an ordinary ship's kitten before the last trip. Capt. Savage had named him *Mascot*, but that was his only claim to consideration. It is different now.

The story of the beaching of the City of Savannah, and the taking off of her crew by the City of Birmingham has been told, but nothing has been said of the kitten. "He's a wonder," said one of the men today. "Nobody thought of him in the rush, but *Mascot* got there." He climbed the rigging in that gale like an old tar and hung on for hours. Not a bit frightened he wasn't, only he did 'caterwaul' when he got hungry. We gave him a biscuit wet with salt water, but he was accustomed to the best on board, and he wouldn't have it. He swallowed his pride afterward, though, and was glad to have salt 'hard tack.'

"We were on board of the boat 50 hours after she struck before the sea was such that we could be taken off in boats. At night the captain ordered all the crew into the rigging, and made us stay there. We each took a piece of rope and lashed ourselves on to keep from falling off when asleep. That's what the captain said the string was for, but I never slept at all."

"The cat got along without any rope, and was there in the morning all right. When we got away, nearly crazy with thirst and so faint we could hardly climb down the 'Jacob's ladder' into the Birmingham's boats, that little fellow climbed out of his nest in the rigging and wanted to go too. We were glad to take him."—*Boston Herald*.

As a good friend reads all our letters, of which we have had sometimes more than two hundred in a single day's mail [and of which we cannot undertake to read one in twenty], it don't do the slightest harm for people who differ from us about wars, killing animals for fun, etc., to write us letters. If they are of any importance our good friend will always give them proper attention, and if not he simply drops them into the waste basket, leaving us in blissful ignorance of their contents.

## A DEER STORY.

Brute instinct has formed the theme of many an article, and wonderful instances have been given of the exercise of almost human judgment by animals, but the following which came under our own observation, lays just a shade over anything we ever read: Last Sunday C. Sweeters and the writer were driving up the water canyon, and as we turned a bend we saw a doe and a young fawn drinking from the stone ditch. At our approach the animals were startled, and in attempting to turn and run the fawn lost its balance and fell into the ditch. As many of our readers know, the water runs very swiftly and in great volume up there, and of course the fawn was carried down the stream. The mother deer seemed to lose all fear of us, and ran along the edge of the ditch trying to reach her offspring with her head.

Suddenly she ran ahead of the floating fawn for some little distance. She plunged into the ditch with her head down stream and her hindquarters toward the fawn, and braced her fore feet firmly in the crevices of the rocks to resist the rush of water. In a second the fawn was washed up on its mother's back, and it instinctively clasped her neck with its forelegs. The doe then sprang from the ditch with the fawn on her back. She lay down and the baby deer rolled to the ground in an utterly exhausted condition. Mr. Sweeters and I were now not more than thirty feet from the actors in this animal tragedy, but the mother, seemingly unconscious of our presence, licked and fondled her offspring for a few minutes until it rose to its feet, and the doe and fawn trotted off up the mountain side.

If there is anybody that doesn't believe Mr. Sweeters when he tells this story, let them come to us and we will vouch for it.—*Banning Herald*.

This is the creature some folks shoot for fun.

## HE FIXED IT.

A few days ago, while walking through Arch street, Boston, just at the hour when empty trucks are standing there, and while the horses are struggling to get their oats out of their detestable nose-bags—while the drivers are off eating their dinner—I noticed a truck-horse uneasily turning and twisting his head from side to side as if in search of somebody or something. I watched him for a moment or two, and concluding that the nose-bag had become disarranged was about to cross the street to see if I could re-adjust it. As I stepped forward the horse seemed to have been struck with a new idea. He lifted his head, and for a moment looked steadily up the street in front of him. Suddenly his whole aspect changed. He shook himself, gave a snort of satisfaction, as if he had discovered what he had been looking for, and with his head high in the air and his ears pricked up, he moved briskly forward. Much interested, I followed him. Arrived at the corner of Franklin street he deliberately halted at the tail of an empty truck standing there, and resting his nose-bag upon it, contentedly finished his oats.

WHAT IS THE OBJECT OF  
THE BANDS OF MERCY?

I answer: To teach and lead every

child and older person to seize  
every opportunity to say a kind

word or do a kind act that will

make some other human being or  
some dumb creature happier.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Between six and seven hundred new "Bands of Mercy" have not yet been published in our paper. We publish this month about two hundred and fifty of them, and the rest will appear in our December issue.

### New Bands of Mercy.

- 50486 *Worthington, Mass.*  
Whittier Band.  
P., Ada S. Lewis.
- 50487 *Black Beauty Band.*  
P., Jessica Parmelee.
- 50488 *Russell H. Cornwell Band.*  
P., Ada M. Grover.
- 50489 *Lend-a-Hand Band.*  
P., Helen Knapp.
- 50490 *Loyal Band.*  
P., Little Shipman.
- 50491 *Maple Valley, Ind.*  
Maple Valley Band.  
P., Mrs. Mary Overman.
- 50492 *Knightstown, Ind.*  
Knightstown Band.  
P., Charles A. Hastings.
- 50493 *Lancaster, Pa.*  
Strawberry St. School Bd.  
P., R. Allie Kanarr.
- 50494 *Sioux Falls, S. D.*  
Sioux Falls Band.  
P., Miss Lillian Mattick.
- 50495 *New Ipswich, N. H.*  
Happy Helpers Band.  
P., Miss Nelly Royce.
- 50496 *Tiro, Ohio.*  
Tiro Band.  
P., Blanche G. Taylor.
- 50497 *Providence, R. I.*  
Branch Avenue Grammar School.  
True Hearted Defenders Band.  
P., Mary A. Kindelan.
- 50498 *Loyal Protection Band.*  
P., Alice C. Tripp.
- 50499 *The Vigilant Band.*  
P., Clara L. Sullivan.
- 50500 *Helpers of the Helpless Band.*  
P., Mary J. Dunne.
- 50501 *The Volunteer Band.*  
P., Weltha Farwell.
- 50502 *The Thoughtful Band.*  
P., Madeline E. Cooney.
- 50503 *The Victorious Band.*  
P., K. M. A. Brennan.
- 50504 *The Willing Workers Bd.*  
P., A. F. White.
- 50505 *Wide Awake Band.*  
P., G. E. Kelleher.
- 50506 *The Kind Hearted Band.*  
P., S. G. Leyden.
- 50507 *Academy Ave. Grammar School.*  
The Thoughtful Band.  
P., A. D. Padelford.
- 50508 *Nature's Protectors Band.*  
P., Rachel G. Linton.
- 50509 *The Golden Rule Band.*  
P., Emma J. Craig.
- 50510 *The Volunteer Defenders Band.*  
P., Hannah M. Crocker.
- 50511 *The Animals' Friend Bd.*  
P., Emma J. Craig.
- 50512 *Protectors of the Helpless Band.*  
P., Francesca A. Manchester.
- 50513 *Loyal Friends of Dumb Animals Band.*  
P., Ida A. McLane.
- 50514 *Friends of Animals Band.*  
P., S. M. Anderson.
- 50515 *Kind Friends Band.*  
P., A. M. Kinyon.
- 50516 *Defenders of the Helpless Band.*  
P., Elsie A. Hodgson.
- 50517 *Be Kind to All Band.*  
P., Elizabeth S. Holland.
- 50518 *Earnest Happy Workers Band.*  
P., Alice O. Kimball.
- 50519 *Always Willing Bd., Div. 1.*  
P., Mary Campbell.
- 50520 *Always Willing Bd., Div. 2.*  
P., L. J. Farnum.
- 50521 *Roosevelt St. Gram. Sch.*  
The Wide Awake Band.  
P., Ella H. Lapham.
- 50522 *The Vigilant Band.*  
P., Ida A. Cunningham.
- 50523 *The Lincoln Band.*  
P., J. E. Winsor.
- 50524 *Kind Friends of Dumb Animals Band.*  
P., Mary D. Phillips.
- 50525 *The Loyal Protectors Bd.*  
P., C. L. Freethy.
- 50526 *Defenders of the Defenceless Band.*  
P., Eleanor J. Winsor.
- 50527 *Golden Rule Band.*  
P., Sallie E. Thornton.
- 50528 *The Protectors of the Helpless Band.*  
P., Jeannette A. McLaren.
- 50529 *Golden Rule Band.*  
P., Helen J. Hurley.
- 50530 *R. I. Normal School.*  
Protectors of the Helpless Band.  
P., Emily J. Rothwell.
- 50531 *Greenwood Band.*  
P., M. L. Brown.
- 50532 *Cheerful Volunteers Bd.*  
P., M. A. McArdle.
- 50533 *Young Protectors Band.*  
P., Jennie E. Aull.
- 50534 *Kind Words Band.*  
P., H. E. Roxbury.
- 50535 *Kind Thoughts Band.*  
P., E. G. Lamphar.
- 50536 *Kind Hearts Band.*  
P., M. H. Gaynor.
- 50537 *Kind Helpers Band.*  
P., A. W. Case.
- 50538 *Oxford St. Grammar Sch.*  
Oxford Humane Society Band.  
P., Janet Blinkhorn.
- 50539 *Oxford Humane Society Band.*  
P., Emma Grant.
- 50540 *Oxford Kindness Band.*  
P., Mary A. S. Muggan.
- 50541 *Protectors of the Helpless Band.*  
P., E. G. Freeman.
- 50542 *Loyal Defenders Band.*  
P., Mary A. S. Muggan.
- 50543 *Good Will Band.*  
P., E. Dunn.
- 50544 *Defenders of the Helpless Band.*  
P., J. O. Kennedy.
- 50545 *The Happy Workers Bd.*  
P., A. J. Farrell.
- 50546 *Kind Deeds Band.*  
P., M. G. Smith.
- 50547 *Golden Rule Band.*  
P., Margaret E. Sullivan.
- 50548 *Kind Helpers Band.*  
P., F. E. Carpenter.
- 50549 *The Thoughtful Helpers Band.*  
P., Helen M. Almy.
- 50550 *Lake Odessa, Mich.*  
Junior C. E. Band.  
P., Boyd Armor.
- 50551 *Erving, Mass.*  
Longfellow Band.  
P., Miss Miner.
- 50552 *Lincoln Band.*  
P., Miss Smith.
- 50553 *Red Riding Hood Band.*  
P., Miss Butterfield.
- 50554 *Wendell, Mass.*  
Wendell Sch. Band, Div. 1.  
P., Effie L. Bowen.
- 50555 *Wendell Sch. Band, Div. 2.*  
P., Miss Chase.
- 50556 *Wendell Sch. Band, Div. 3.*  
P., Kate Batchelder.
- 50557 *Wendell Sch. Band, Div. 4.*  
P., Mary Miner.
- 50558 *Wendell Sch. Band, Div. 5.*  
P., Lottie Hook.
- 50559 *Providence, R. I.*  
Point St. School.  
Rosa Bonheur Society Bd.  
P., Lucy C. Stanley.
- 50560 *Point St. Humane Society Band.*  
P., Della E. Harvey.
- 50561 *The United Protectors Bd.*  
P., Laura E. Almy.
- 50562 *The Golden Rule Advocates Band.*  
P., Mary A. McQuaid.
- 50563 *The Loyal Friends Band.*  
P., Althea Mayor.
- 50564 *The Loyal Protectors Bd.*  
P., Isabella F. Martin.
- 50565 *The Helpful Band.*  
P., Mildred E. Moss.
- 50566 *Protectors League Band.*  
P., Cora G. Crapon.
- 50567 *Golden Rule Followers Band.*  
P., Lucy M. Danielson.
- 50568 *Thoughtful Band.*  
P., J. E. Graves.
- 50569 *Kind Deeds Band.*  
P., Marie C. Hollen.
- 50570 *Kind Helpers Band.*  
P., M. E. Armstrong.
- 50571 *Indianapolis, Ind.*  
Broadway Band.  
P., Mrs. L. W. George.
- 50572 *Lawrence, Kan.*  
Mt. Oread No. 3 Band.  
P., Howard Blackmar.
- 50573 *Portland, Ore.*  
Portland Band.  
P., Horace Miller.
- 50574 *Anderson, Ind.*  
Christian S. S. No. 1 Band.  
P., J. E. Canaday.
- 50575 *No. 2 Band.*  
P., Miss Bowen.
- 50576 *No. 3 Band.*  
P., Miss Black.
- 50577 *No. 4 Band.*  
P., Miss Piden.
- 50578 *No. 5 Band.*  
P., Miss Chambers.
- 50579 *Presbyterian S. S. No. 1 Band.*  
P., J. E. Voris.
- 50580 *No. 2 Band.*  
P., Mrs. Luce.
- 50581 *No. 3 Band.*  
P., Miss Shreve.
- 50582 *No. 4 Band.*  
P., Miss Thompson.
- 50583 *No. 5 Band.*  
P., Mrs. Sherman.
- 50584 *Congregational S. S. No. 1 Band.*  
P., W. H. Fairchild.
- 50585 *No. 2 Band.*  
P., Miss Willits.
- 50586 *No. 3 Band.*  
P., Miss Mulligan.
- 50587 *No. 4 Band.*  
P., Miss Garley.
- 50588 *St. Marys S. S. No. 1 Band.*  
P., D. J. Mulcahy.
- 50589 *Y. M. C. Association.*  
No. 1 Band.  
P., A. W. Kruemling.
- 50590 *Valley City, N. Dak.*  
Valley City Band.  
P., Minnie C. Wilkins.
- 50591 *Hebron, Ill.*  
Hebron Junior League Bd.  
P., Lulu Harrison.
- 50592 *Salem, Mass.*  
Salem Peace Band, Div. 3.  
P., Margaret M. Haskell.
- 50593 *Anderson, Ind.*  
Methodist S. S. No. 1 Band.  
P., O. M. Pittenger.
- 50594 *No. 2 Band.*  
P., Mrs. T. M. Rust.
- 50595 *No. 3 Band.*  
P., Miss Rhodes.
- 50596 *No. 4 Band.*  
P., Miss Bennett.
- 50597 *No. 5 Band.*  
P., Miss Jackson.
- 50598 *2d Methodist S. S. No. 1 Band.*  
P., Dr. C. R. Atkins.
- 50599 *No. 2 Band.*  
P., Miss Watkins.
- 50600 *No. 3 Band.*  
P., Miss Watkins.
- 50601 *Vrooman, Pa.*  
The Vrooman Band.  
P., —.
- 50602 *Randolph, Neb.*  
Hopeful Band.  
P., Miss Farnam.
- 50603 *Lawrence, L. I., N. Y.*  
United Band.  
P., Isabel Burtis.
- 50604 *Hall's Stream, Que.*  
Power of Good Band.  
P., Josie E. Hovey.
- 50605 *Fern Hill, Wash.*  
Fern Hill Band.  
Sec., Nellie Marble.
- 50606 *Bamberg, S. C.*  
The Herbert Band.  
P., Master E. W. Hook.
- 50607 *Charleston, So. Caro.*  
Jim Key Band.  
P., A. R. Rogers.
- 50608 *So. Carolina Jim Key Bd.*  
P., Hon. Daniel L. Sinkles.
- 50609 *Crafts School.*  
Jim Key Sweet Liberty Bd.  
P., Miss H. L. Phillips.
- 50610 *Jim Key Baby Band.*
- 50611 *Jim Key Horseshoe Band.*  
P., Miss Isabel M. Kennedy.
- 50612 *Jim Key Bd. of Kindness.*  
P., Miss Frost.
- 50613 *Jim Key Fidelity Band.*  
P., Miss Emma T. Kennedy.
- 50614 *Jim Key Little Helpers Bd.*  
P., Miss Mary E. McGillway.
- 50615 *Jim Key Faith Band.*  
P., Miss Mary A. Sweeney.
- 50616 *Jim Key Palmetto 2d Bd.*  
P., Miss Gertrude E. Burgess.
- 50617 *Jim Key Palmetto 1st Bd.*  
P., Miss Mary Fynn.
- 50618 *Jim Key Stonewall Jackson Band.*  
P., Miss Marie A. Bicaise.
- 50619 *Jim Key Willing Helpers Band.*  
P., Miss Rosalie C. Ottolengue.
- 50620 *Jim Key Palmetto No. 3 Bd.*  
P., Miss Lizzie S. Fronberger.
- 50621 *Jim Key Palmetto No. 4 Bd.*  
P., Miss J. R. Baull.
- 50622 *Jim Key Palmetto No. 5 Bd.*  
P., Miss Agnes C. Strohecker.
- 50623 *Bennett School.*  
Jim Key Ivory City Band.  
P., Miss M. H. Sinkler.
- 50624 *Jim Key Golden Band.*  
P., Miss S. B. Wagner.
- 50625 *Jim Key Fudge Band.*  
P., Miss E. O. Elliott.
- 50626 *Jim Key Victoria Band.*  
P., Miss Ellen M. Jervey.
- 50627 *Jim Key Busy Bees Band.*  
P., M. H. Smith.
- 50628 *Jim Key Carolina Band.*  
P., Mary R. Alton.
- 50629 *Jim Key Golden Deeds Bd.*  
P., A. W. Alderson.
- 50630 *Jim Key Rosa Bonheur Bd.*  
P., Louise Kinsey.
- 50631 *Jim Key Five Grade B Bd.*  
P., M. S. Getty.
- 50632 *Jim Key Five Grade A Bd.*  
P., Ella M. Koester.
- 50633 *Jim Key Workers Band.*  
P., M. A. Timmons.
- 50634 *Jim Key Rogers Band.*  
P., Anna Y. Cudworth.
- 50635 *Jim Key Helpers Band.*  
P., M. B. Frost.
- 50636 *Jim Key Southern Boys Bd.*  
P., Annie B. Williams.
- 50637 *Jim Key City by the Sea Bd.*  
P., Ida M. Cronan.
- 50638 *Jim Key Dixie Band.*  
P., G. L. Green.
- 50639 *Memminger School.*  
Jim Key Animal Defenders Band.  
P., Miss E. L. Jordan.
- 50640 *Jim Key Memminger Sixth Class Division Band.*  
P., —.
- 50641 *Jim Key George T. Angell Band.*  
P., Mrs. A. W. Harnett.
- 50642 *Jim Key Memminger Fifth Class Div. B Band.*  
P., Miss E. Graham.
- 50643 *Jim Key Memminger Fifth Class Div. A Band.*  
P., —.
- 50644 *Jim Key Memminger Fourth Class Div. B Band.*  
P., —.
- 50645 *Jim Key Memminger No. 1 Band.*  
P., Miss C. L. Turner.
- 50646 *Jim Key Memminger Third Class Band.*  
P., —.
- 50647 *Jim Key Memminger Second Class Band.*  
P., Miss S. A. Marshall.
- 50648 *Jim Key Charleston Band.*  
P., Miss L. J. Quigley.
- 50649 *Courtney Schools.*  
Jim Key Violet Band.  
P., Miss Laura J. Blakeley.
- 50650 *Jim Key Helpful Band.*  
P., Miss F. A. O'Hear.
- 50651 *Jim Key Golden Rule Bd.*  
P., Miss A. B. Loundes.
- 50652 *Jim Key Capt. Phillips U. S. Navy Band.*  
P., Miss M. C. Mustard.
- 50653 *Jim Key Rogers Band.*  
P., Miss Lottie S. Olney.
- 50654 *Jim Key Junior Band.*  
P., Miss Sadie A. LaCoste.
- 50655 *Jim Key Robert Lee No. 1 Band.*  
P., Miss L. E. Neville.
- 50656 *Jim Key Silver Star Band.*  
P., Miss J. P. Wild.
- 50657 *Jim Key Busy Bees Band.*  
P., Miss S. J. Wall.
- 50658 *Jim Key Wade Hampton Band.*  
P., Miss A. A. Palmer.
- 50659 *Jim Key Stonewall Jackson Band.*  
P., Mrs. Ball.
- 50660 *Jim Key Robert Lee No. 2 Band.*  
P., Miss S. A. Girard.
- 50661 *Jim Key Bonheur Band.*  
P., Mrs. J. J. Quigley.
- 50662 *Jim Key Archer Band.*  
P., Miss M. T. McCormick.
- 50663 *Jim Key McKinley Band.*  
P., Miss Carrie J. Smith.
- 50664 *Jim Key T. L. Ancrum.*  
P., Mary G. Murphy.
- 50665 *Shaw School.*  
Jim Key Busy Bees Band.  
P., Miss E. F. Alston.
- 50666 *Jim Key Kindly Feeling Band.*  
P., Miss A. L. Ginkie.
- 50667 *Jim Key Little Helpers Bd.*  
P., Miss Ida S. Edwards.
- 50668 *Dr. Key Band.*  
P., Miss N. P. Walker.
- 50669 *Jim Key Excelsior Band.*  
P., Miss Fannie M. Kenney.
- 50670 *Jim Key Temperance Bd.*  
P., E. A. Dixon.
- 50671 *Jim Key Shaw Prep. A Bd.*  
P., —.
- 50672 *Jim Key Warriors Brave Band.*  
P., Martha S. Seabrook.
- 50673 *Jim Key Willing Hands Band.*  
P., Miss L. S. O'Connor.
- 50674 *Jim Key Work and Win Band.*  
P., Miss S. Cruikshank.
- 50675 *Simonton School.*  
Jim Key Loving Kindness Band.  
P., Miss Sallie A. Bassett.
- 50676 *Jim Key Royal Band.*  
P., Miss M. A. King.
- 50677 *Jim Key Golden Rule Bd.*  
P., Miss Mackenzie.
- 50678 *Jim Key Good Will Band.*  
P., Miss A. Graham.
- 50679 *Jim Key Band of Charity.*  
P., Miss A. McIndol.
- 50680 *Jim Key Seacoast Band.*  
P., Miss E. A. Halsey.
- 50681 *Jim Key Palmetto Branch Band.*  
P., Miss J. C. Gunn.
- 50682 *Jim Key Band of Hope.*  
P., Miss Helen McIndol.
- 50683 *Jim Key Always Willing Band.*  
P., Miss J. E. Hubbard.
- 50684 *Jim Key Shining Star Bd.*  
P., Miss Mary P. Carter.
- 50685 *Jim Key Palmetto No. 6 Bd.*  
P., —.
- 50686 *Jim Key Carolina Band.*  
P., Miss E. S. Boinest.
- 50687 *Jim Key Little Helpers Bd.*  
P., Miss Claudia L. Smith.
- 50688 *Jim Key George Washington Band.*  
P., Miss E. A. Smith.
- 50689 *Jim Key Liberty Bell Bd.*  
P., Miss K. A. Lucas.
- 50690 *Jim Key Well Doing Band.*  
P., —.
- 50691 *Jim Key Animal Defenders Band.*  
P., Miss Webb.
- 50692 *Jim Key Little Helpers No. 2 Band.*  
P., Miss F. S. Smith.
- 50693 *Jim Key Kindness Band.*  
P., Miss Jordan.
- 50694 *Spartanburg, S. C.*  
Converse College.  
Jim Key Faculty Band.  
P., Dr. Benjamin F. Wilson.
- 50695 *Jim Key Senior Class Bd.*  
P., —.
- 50696 *Jim Key Junior Class Bd.*  
P., —.
- 50697 *Jim Key Sophomore Band.*  
P., —.
- 50698 *Jim Key Freshman Band.*  
P., —.
- 50699 *Jim Key Sub-Freshman Band.*  
P., —.



## PREMATURE INTERMENTS.

As the readers of *Our Dumb Animals* know, our own father, being pronounced dead by his physician, came very near being buried alive, and we have published much in this paper in regard to the danger of premature interments, and have gathered a large amount of medical evidence showing that the beginning of decay is ordinarily the only reliable evidence of death, and have petitioned every legislature in our country and asked the president of every Senate and speaker of every House of Representatives to cause laws to be enacted on the subject, and have urged life insurance companies and others to establish proper places where bodies can be carefully watched and cared for until death is certain.

The following in the *Boston Evening Transcript* of Oct. 3d adds another case to hundreds brought to our knowledge, and we should be glad if it could be published in every one of the over twenty thousand newspapers and magazines to which our paper is sent every month:

REV. ELIJAH R. JOHNSON.

Rev. Elijah R. Johnson, one of the most widely known Methodist ministers in the West, died in Mulberry, Ind., Saturday, aged 72. He had the distinction of having died twice, according to the opinions of noted physicians. His first supposed demise was in June, 1869, while he was the pastor of the Oakland Hill Mission Church, in Lafayette, Ind. He worked so hard in building up his congregation and erecting a new house of worship that he was overcome by nervous prostration, and after a week's illness apparently died. Dr. Kiefer, then one of the state's most noted physicians, pronounced him dead, and this opinion was concurred in by other doctors. Mr. Johnson always had been opposed to embalming and his body was not embalmed. To this fact he owed thirty-three more years of active life. The body lay three days while arrangements for the funeral were being made. Rev. J. W. Joyce, now Bishop Joyce, had charge of the funeral service. The services had proceeded to the conclusion of the scripture lesson and the preacher had just uttered the name of Mr. Johnson, preparatory to pronouncing a eulogy, when a sudden gust of wind blew a door shut and the supposed dead man sat up in the coffin. Two weeks later Mr. Joyce accompanied Mr. Johnson to his church and from the pulpit said: "Here in this pulpit with me is a man that has come back to us from the gates of death." Many attempts have been made to get Mr. Johnson to make a statement as to his sensations during his cataleptic state. His invariable reply was: "What I saw then I never shall tell to mortal man."

## SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

(From Bronx B. O. M. Herald.)

That highly esteemed Boston missionary-clergyman, Rev. W. P. Tilden, in the fall of 1863 called at our office and said he had, with some trouble, obtained subscriptions for twenty-five copies of *Our Dumb Animals* to be given to families represented in his mission Sunday-school, but wished he had money enough to put a copy in each family. "How many do you want?" said we. "Just eighty-eight copies," he answered. "Very well," said we, "you have paid for 25, Mrs. F. has ordered us to send you 40, Mrs. M. 3, and this morning Mr. G. called and handed us the money to send you 20 more—25 plus 3 plus 40 plus 20 make just 88, the precise number you want, and they are all paid for." The good clergyman left very happy, but wondering how it happened that Mrs. F., Mrs. M., and Mr. G., without any knowledge of the number he wanted, and neither knowing the other, should have paid just the required amount.

We could tell lots of things just as wonderful that have occurred in the progress of our work for the protection of God's dumb creatures. Look at the wonderful circulation of this book, "Black Beauty," and then see how largely it is owing to a check of \$5,000 sent us by a kind-hearted lady whom we had never known before.

Some people do not believe in special providences. We have only to say that if there is not some superhuman power interested in this work of prevention of cruelty to dumb animals, lots of things which have occurred within our knowledge cannot be accounted for.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Don't forget your cat.



The little daughter of Mr. Geo. B. Moir of Calloway, Nebraska, milking her Jersey cow.

## A POPULAR WRITER ON VIVISECTION.

In the May 30th issue of the *N. Y. Journal*, Ella Wheeler Wilcox speaks thus:

"The whole effort of clergymen to-day should be to increase kindness in the world. It is the first element of true Christianity—in true religion. . . . Make the world kind, and sin and suffering and disease will disappear. *We have no right to torture any living thing with the idea that some other living thing will be benefited thereby.* . . . Fifty years hence I believe scientific men will regard vivisection as a relic of an ignorant and barbarous age."

## PLAYMATE AND FRIEND.

By COL. THOMAS W. KNOX, in *Brooklyn Eagle*.

On a farm in Vermont there are two horses and a herd of half-a-dozen cows, says Col. Thomas W. Knox, in the *Brooklyn Eagle*. The animals run together in the pasture and are on the most friendly terms. One horse named Jack has a special affection for Betsy, a brindled cow, and the two almost always graze together. Last spring Betsy had a calf at her side, and Jack seemed to regard the youngster as his own special care. Hitherto Jack had been a very demure and dignified horse, but the sportive tendencies of the calf developed a frisky mood on the part of the horse. Jack and the calf used to romp and play together a good part of the time, the former being very careful not to injure his young companion. Frequently Jack jumped over the back of the calf, and then allowed himself to be chased by the little fellow, from whom he fled as though alarmed for his safety.

One day when the herd was in a distant part of the pasture Jack suddenly appeared at the farmhouse neighing loudly and telling as plainly as he could that he wanted human assistance. He would gallop furiously a short distance in the direction of the pasture, then wheel suddenly and gallop back to the house, throwing his head high in the air and neighing with all his might. The farmer called one of his men and the twain started in the direction indicated by the horse. When Jack saw that his meaning was understood he capered around with delight, rubbed his nose against his master's cheek and then went off at full gallop in the direction of the herd that was still out of sight. Evidently he wanted to tell his four-footed companions that help was coming, as he soon returned and for the rest of the way went along very quietly in advance of the two men.

When the men reached the scene of the trouble they found that Betsy and her calf had somehow got into a bog or quagmire and were unable to extricate them-

selves. The supposition was that the inexperienced calf had strayed into the bog and Betsy, while trying to help him out, had become involved. A rope was needed to help the creatures to hard ground, and in order to bring it as soon as possible the farmer mounted on Jack's bare back and without bridle or halter rode to the farm-house to procure it. Jack was a high-spirited animal and when under the saddle used to prance and show off, but on this occasion he realized that it was no time for play and went along as demurely as possible. In due time Betsy and her calf were extricated from their trouble, and the farmer says that their equine friend danced a jig for joy.

## THE SUNSHINE ARMY.

I belong to the *Sunshine army*,  
Campaigning against the Blues;  
And the Gloom-hordes we find we're treating  
To many a gash and bruise.  
With a volley of deadly Ha-has,  
A broadside of merry Grins,  
We are splitting folks' faces open  
From puckered-up brows to chins.

There is never a case of Sorrow  
(Unless it was bred by Sin)  
Can resist for a trice our onslaught  
When once we have started in  
To destroy all the Purple breastworks  
The minions of Gloom have built;  
There is always a full surrender  
Ere anyone's blood is split.

There is General Smile's division,  
And Adjutant Grin's brigade;  
There is Colonel Te-he's glad legion  
Of Giggles and Chuckles made;  
There's the cavalry troop (called Horselaughs)  
With Guffaw's zouaves and all—  
Where's the pessimist flag but tumbles  
At sound of our bugle call?

Won't you come and enlist? We need you!  
Come—buckle our armor on;  
There is too much of morning twilight—  
Let's hasten the dazzling dawn;  
For our banner is woven sunbeams,  
Our colors bright gold and rose.  
What—you're coming? That's right—now  
forward!

And death to our long-faced foes!

Clear the way for the *Sunshine army*  
Campaigning against the Blues!  
Gloomy hordes that oppose are treated  
To many a slash and bruise.  
With a volley of hurtling Ha-has,  
A bayonet charge of Grins,  
We are splitting folks' faces open  
From puckered-up brows to chins.

Boston Herald, June 22, 1902.

Receipts of the M. S. P. C. A. for September, 1902.

Fines and witness fees, \$203.65.

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Total, \$55.

Sales of publications, \$53.04.

Total, \$883.19.

Receipts of the American Humane Education Society for September, 1902.

A friend for building fund, \$50; John S. Pierson, \$20; Miss Ellen Snow, \$5; Mrs. W. S. Arnold, \$5; Miss H. N. Carpenter, \$5.

Sales of publications, \$44.70.

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Geo. T. Angell.

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